

Ham. Why?
Clo. 'Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clo. Faith e'ne with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin fixeteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'till' earth ere he rot?

Clo. I faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarces now adaies, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a fore Decayer of your horse dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scull has laine in the earth three & twenty yeares.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was;

Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A pcellence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'd a Flaggon of Reaith on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was Yoricks Scull, the Kings Iester.

Ham. This?

Clo. E'ne that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poore Yorick, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times. And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lipps, that I haue kist I know not how oft. Where be your liues now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own Ieering? Quite chopaine? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that: prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion 'till' earth?

Hor. E'ne so.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh.

Hor. E'ne so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till be find it stopping a bung-hole.

Hor. 'Twere to consider: so curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not aiot. But to follow him thither with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (where to he was conuerted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell?

Imperill *Cesar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, & expell the winters flaw.

But soft, but soft, asides; heere comes the King.

Enter King, *Queene*, *Laertes*, and a Coffin,
with Lords attendant.

The *Queene*, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with desperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate,
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as farre enlarg'd,
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-ruaies the order,
She should in ground vnsanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be thro wne on her,
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her 'till' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.

I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)
And not 't'haue strew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that curst head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence
Deprid thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:

Now pile your dust vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasis? whose phraze of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy soule.

Ham. Thou prais't not well,

I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spicenatiue, and rash,
Yet haue I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Qu. *Hamlet*, *Hamlet*.

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme,
Vntill my eiels will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theme?

Ham. I should *Ophelia*; fortie thousand Brothers
Could not (with all their quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Qu. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. Come show me what thou'lt doe.
Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?
Woo't drinke vp *Esile*, eate a Crocodile?

Hee doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akeis on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.

King. This is mere Madnesse:
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
As patient as the female Doue,
When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
His silence will fit drooping.

Ham. Heere you Sir:
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I should you euer; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. Exit.

King. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,
We'll put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrude* set some watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue shall haue a liuing Monument:
An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. Exit.

Enter *Hamlet* and *Horatio*.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,
You doe remember all the Circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
(And praise be rashnesse for it) let vs know,
Our indifferetion sometimes serues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin

My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packer, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnseale
Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royall knaury: An exact command,
Larded with many severall sorts of reasons;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the superuize no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I fate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeoman's seruice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
And stand a Comma 'twene their amities,
And many such like Affis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debatement further, more or lesse,
He should the bearers put to sodaine death,
Not shriuing time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Modell of that Danish Scale:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gau'th' impression, plac'd it safely.
The chaneling neuer knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So *Guildenstjerne* and *Rosincrance*, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment
They are not nere my Conscience; their debate
Doth by their owne insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Betwene the paffe, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betwene th' election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damnd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short,

The interim's mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to say one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his; He count his fauours:
But sure the brauery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towing passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young *Osrick*.

Os. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-
Ham, I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good Lord,

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to
know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings
Messe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the pos-
session of dirt.

Os. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure,
I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.

Ham. I will receiue it with all diligence of spirit; put
your Bonet to his right vse, 'tis for the head.

Os. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is
Northerly.

Os. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very foultry, and hot for my
Complexion.

Osricke.